MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17., 1884.

NO. 3.

THEREST THAT FOLLOWS PAIN

The night has come, and the starlight Falls on the restless sea Like a gleam of hope through the darkness Of a weary doubt to me.

I see the foam of the billow

Flash like the shining rain, Then fall into silence and shadow, Like the rest that follows pain.

O, wonderful, beautiful billow, With your changing shadow and shine, Clasping the stars in your bosom, I think your life is like mine. Like mine, reaching through darkness

From the restless, moaning sea, Pleading with ceaseless endeavor For a life that can never be.

Yeu clasp your mantle, O billow,
With gems from the brow of night;
I grasp, through shadowy future,
Sweet rays of heavenly light. Oh, life of a ceaseless endeavor;

Oh, wave of the troubled sea; Star of the weary night-watch, Beacon of faith to me.

O, heaven, with dowers of promise;
O, earth, with travail and care;
Soul of God's mighty conception,
Peace on the brow of despair.

I stand by the surging ocean— The starlight falls on the foam, And a feeling of rest comes o'er me, Like a wanderer nearing his home.

A SNOW THOUGHT.

Oh! the snow came so tenderly. Like happy white nuns at play,
And the outstretched arms of the oak tree
Seemed covered with silver spray,

And two small brown birds were a-singing A dear little song of love. Like many white angels a ringing Peace to the world from above.

The leaves of the exer-green ivy Seemed open books of prayer, Their pages of praise turned tenderly By fair white spirits of air.

Once they were sisters of charity, These little white stars of snow; A blue-bell whispered it all to me Oh! ever, so long ago.

And the rough brown arm of the oak tree Was a gloomy convent small, Where sun-warm kisses fell cheerily And brightened the dusky wall.

The leaves of the ever green ivy
Were really white books of praise,
Where the dear white nuns read reverently
Their beautiful convent lays.

And the little brown birds a singing Were always the convent choir; And each little chorister ringing.

Was worthy quite of its hire. So now when the snow falls tenderly, The spirit of song takes wing; Then grim leaflets of swaying ivy

A beautiful thought I sing.

CONQUERING A HUSBAND.

"Uncle Phil has been lecturing me again !" exclaimed Mrs. Marian Dykes. as her husband came home to tea one evening. "I cannot, and I will not, stand it any longer," and the young wife dropped into a chair as though the last remaining portion of her strength

What was the subject of the lecture. my dear," inquired Mr. Dykes, with a cheerful smile, as though he did not regard the situation as at all desperate. "You know very well that Uncle

Phil has but one subject." "And that is extravagance, or the

reverse, economy," added Mr. Dykes. "Of course that was the subject of horse." the lecture; and you always take his side of the question. Uncle Phil has ten times as much influence with you as I have. Whatever he says is right, and whatever I say is wrong," retorted

Mrs. Dykes rather warmly. "If supper is ready, I think we had better attend to that next; and we shall have the whole evening to discuss Uncle Phil's lecture. The subject will keep for awhile."

"But Uncle Phil will be here to take part in the disscussiou; and that is just what I don't want. He overshadows me entirely when he says anything, and I might as well hold my tongue as speak," pouted the wife.

"Uncle Phil will not be here, Marian, judgement, It is half past six, and he has to go to a church meeting at seven." "Very well but I am going to have

something done this time, I won't have Uncle Phil here any longer. If he is to stay in this house I shall not." Mrs. Dykes was very young, and her

angry pout, as she sailed out of the room, made her look decidedly pretty; at least so thought her husband. But before she was fairly out, the door opened and Uncle Phil came in. The door was ajar and he must have been in the hall during some portion of the lady's severe remarks about him. But he looked as placid as though earth had no sorrow for him. He was a man of fifty, though his hair and beard

were white enough for seventy. He did not seem like a man who could be very disagreeable if he tried. He had a deaconish look about his face, that of a serious though not austere man. Certainly no one would have taken him for a shipmaster, but he had spent most of his life at sea or in foreign parts. He used to read the Bible to his crew every Sunday, and never allow any swearing or other bad language in his presence ou board ship. Though he was a "psalm singing skipper," no captain was ever more popular with

his men then Captain Dykes, life, but his wife died while he was ab- she wanted to do for his comfort. The sent on a long voyage. Ile had recently lady had beaten her husband and his Charles ?" asked Uncle Phil. given up the sea, and retired to his na- uncle, and she was satisfied. tive town, now an important place of 10,000 inhabitants. He found himself a stranger there, but at his own request his nephew had taken him as a board-

er.

The gossips were not a little bothered to determine whether the retired shipmaster was rich or poor. He engaged in every church and beneyolent enterprise, and contributed moderately of his means.

Charles Dykes had opened a store in Tripleton a year before, and everybody thought he was doing well. Mrs. Dykes thought so, though Charles him . self insisted that he was not making money very rapidly; he could not tell how much until he balanced his books and took account of stock. In the main he was a prudent, careful young

man, or at least was disposed to be so. Uncle Phil made a hasty supper, and then went to his meeting. He acted just a little strangely for him, though the smile had not deserted his face. He said less than usual, and seemed to be thinking very earnestly about something.

"Do you suppose he heard what I ter Uncle Phil had gone.

"I think not; but you ought not to say anything behind his back that you husband. "Uuele Phil is a good man, one of the salt of the earth.

"He is altogether too salt for me. If I should put too much salt in the doughnuts, you would not like them Uncle Phil is salter than Lot's wife." "I am sorry you don't like him, Mar-

ian." "I can't like a man who is continually tripping me up, and lecturing me upon economy. You ought to know better than he does what you can afford."

in us prompts him to say anything. If fore. one means well almost anything can be excused."

"When I said that I wished you every day or two, he read me a lecture meant. You must get him out of the your clerk to board, and tell your uncle | the horse to regain Uncle Phil. we must have the room."

"If I tell him to go, I shall tell the

reason why I do so." "I am willing to bear all the blame. I don't want any one in the house to come between me and my husband,"

said the lady with a deal of spirit. "Uncle Phil does not come between you and me, Marian. That is absurd," forgive me." "I have asked you, and even begged you a dozen times, to keep a horse.

"Yes, you can Charles. They say you are doing more business than Tinkham, and he keeps two horses; and his wife looks patronizingly down on me from her carryall when she meets me in the street," added Mrs. Dykes, with considerable bitterness in her tone.

"I know nothing about Tinkham's business, and I do know something about my own," replied Mr. Dykes.

Before the supper things were removed Charles Dykes had promised to buy a horse and buggy. It appeared to be the only way in which he could induce his wife to allow Uncle Phil to fremain in the house. Doubtless he was weak to yield the point against his own

In the evening 'Squire Grayes made horse to sell. It was just the animal she wanted, and as she had conquered her husband once that day, she intended to have the horse trade settled that

"Glad to see you, 'Squire; anything new ?" the young merchant began, doing the usual common-places.

"There is news, but I suppose you have heard it," replied the visitor." "I haven't heard anything; what is

Haven't you heard that Tinkham has

been attached ?" "Tinkham! Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Dykes, glancing at his

"It's a fact; a keeper was put in his store this afternoon, and an attach.

ment put on his horse and carriages." "That was all because he kept two horses when one was enough for him," interposed Mrs. Dykes.

With her the moral was between two horses and one.

Before the squire left he had sold his lady's horse. Mrs. Dykes was perfect-Uncle Phil had been married in early | the meeting, there were a dozen things

Before breakfast the next morning groaned Charles. 'Squire Graves' man led the horse over and put him in the little stable. One your feet, solid ?" of the clerks was to take care of him. "Yes, sir; but Uncle Phil saw the purchase, but he hundred."

thought she liked Uncle Phil then. but you said nothing to me," He did not prophesy any evil or disas-

After breakfast the lady thought she | ter what has happened," would drive to her father's, in the next

She returned in season for dinner.

But Uncle Phil did not come down to that meal. The lady rang the bell him. a second time, but with no better rethe bell, for he never kept the table cussion. "And that is that you will waiting for him. The door was wide come back and live with us." open, and she went in. The shipmaster was not there. His trunk was not which he had sailed many a voyage, had been taken from the wall.

said Charles ?" asked Mrs. Dykes, af- them ? There was a letter on the ta- young people. ble. It was addressed to "Mr. and in her hand she hastened down to the duced all his expenses to a very reasonwould not say to his face," replied the dinner-room. To say that she was as able figure. Marian was happy again, express her feeling.

"Uncle Phil had gone?" she exclaimed. "He has left for good, bag and baggage." She tossed the letter upon the table, for she had not the courage to open it.

"Then I suppose you are quite satisfied, Marian. You have got the horse, and got rid of Uncle Phil." said Mr. Dykes, greatly grieved to learn that the worthy man had gone; and he saw that he must have heard the impulsive "I am sure nothing but his interest words of Mrs. Dykes the evening be-

Mrs. Dykes dropped into her chair at the table, and burst into tears. Just as she had become reconciled to would keep a horse so I could ride out the boarder, he had fled without even a word of explanation. She intended to half an hour in length. Whether he treat him with the utmost kindness heard me or not, I said just what I and consideration, as a noble warrior treats a falled foe. Just then she felt know how much the man gets in house in some way, Charles. Take as though she would be willing to lose course of the day, and what he does

> very short, but there was not a particle of bitterness in it. He should still pray for them, and desiren to do all he could to serve and make them happy.

> "I will go back to him and beg him to come back, Charles !" exclaimed the weeping wife. "You will never

"I am very sorry he has gone, but I will not hate you, Marian. We will call Uncel Phil takes sides with you against upon him this evening at the hotel."

They did call. Uncle Phil was ex-"But he never said horse to me in actly the same as he had been before. his life. I can't afford to keep a He was glad to see them, and there was not a particle of change in his tone or manner. Both Charles and his wife tried to say something about his leaving their house; but he headed them off every time. He would not permit the matter to be mentioned. They went home, unable even to get in an

Both of them missed the kindly words and wholesome advice of the good man, though Mrs. Dykes would not acknowledge it. His good influence upon both was lost. Even Charles became reckles in his finances.

The close of Tinkham's store brought more business to the young merchant for a time, though the bankrupt's successor soon made things exciting for him. A ruinous competition followed. No longer restrained by Uncle Phil's a friendly call. Mrs. Dykes was very pradent counsels, Charles branched glad to see him, for he had a lady's out, and grasped more than he could

At the end of the year the balancesheet was not pleasing to look upon. Then followed a a reckless attempt to recover lost ground. Notes at the Tripleton Bank became very troublesome. One of them was given for a ing too fast. The young merchant was worried. He had yielded to one extravagance and there was a long rain behind it.

he was three thousand dollars in debt, and his stock was not worth half the would break.

In the midst of the scene Uncle Phil walked into the room, as he always did. without the ceremony of knocking. He often called.

"Uncle Phil, I am going to fail, for I cannot pay a note of four hundred ly happy, and her heart began to warm dollars that falls due to-morrow," said even toward poor Uncle Phil. When Charles, bitterly, when he saw that he the retired shipmaster came in from could not conceal the facts from the

"How much do you owe in all, "About three thousand dollars

"Will three thousand put you on

said nothing unpleasant. He looked "I will give you a check for three the animal over, said he was worth the thousand in the morning. I will be at hundred dollars to be paid for him in the store at eight o'clock. I noticed goods from the store. Marian even that you have looked worried lately ;

> "I could not say anything to you, uncle; and I cannot take your money, af-

"Nothing has happened yet, and with the blessing of God, nothing shall happen." Uncle Phil would not understand

"You may help me on one condisult. Uncle Phil evidently did not hear tion," added Charles, after some dis-

Marian joined in insisting upon this condition, and the good man yielded. there; the picture of the Seabird, in He used no reproaches; he would not even say, "I told you so." The note was paid the next day, and in the even. Was it possible that Uncle Phil had ing Uncle Phil was domiciled in his gone without even saying good-bye to old apartment quite as happy as the

Charles sold the lady's horse, the bug-Mrs. Charles Dykes." With the letter gy, the piano, and other extras, and retonished and chagrined, would not half and did not believe there was any too much salt about Uncle Phil. She had given up the business of conquering a husband. In fact, both of them have come to believe that neither should toes." conquer, or try to conquer, the other.

After a while it came out that Uncle Phil was worth at least fifty thousand dollars. Doubtless the church and the missions will get some of it; but it is probable that Charles Dykes will be remembered, though both he and his wife sincerely hope that the good man will live till he is a hundred. - Good Cheer.

-0.0-ORGAN GRINDER'S PROFITS.

You sympathetic ladies who send nickels and silver pieces by a servant to the poor organ grinder who stands at your door, or who throw down to him from an upper window pennies wrapped in thick writing paper, may like to with his money. For the latter, he Charles opened the letter. It was | does not spend more than a seventh part of it. He puts it in a bag and then in a long, low chest in his room. to save until he has enough to go back to Southern Italy and live at ease. More often he joins every night a select club of fellow-countrymen, who stack up their organs at the end of the room, and gamble, gamble the pennies away in long and deliceous excitement. How much, think you, does he earn? More than a carpenter, or a bricklayer, or a policeman, or a postman, or a salesman in a store, who wears gloves and a silk hat. He averages \$4 a day. He labors systematically, and has his regular beat, and his varied art to extract the pennies from persons of each class he plays before. As he expressed himself in a moment of rare expansiveness, he "plays on 200 blocks every day, and it's a poor block that does not give two cents."

How to Amuse a Baby.

It is an important question, and frequently in the minds of young mothers: How can I get a little more time for myself and still have the baby happy? I know of one way to do this, and having tried it faithfully can recommend

t. After the morning nap, and the rest which comes after it, seat baby on the floor, put within his reach a basket in which you have placed such playthings as are adapted to his taste; for instance, my basket this morning contained a tin soldier on horseback, an impossible looking rabbit of red canton flannel-the gift of a friend who evidently does not 'commune with nature in her visible form," a piece of rope, a ball of yarn, a few empty spools, one Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet. spool of basting thread, which a ffords endless amusement; a few blocks of irnew piano. People said Dykes was liv- regular shape and brightly colored, and lastly a linen picture-book, a relic of some other childhood long past. These single objects amuse a restless baby for an hour at a time, and to be put on the floor and be allowed to unpack the His next balance-sheet showed that basket is a daily pleasure; the contents of the basket can be changed, or better still, have two baskets; give one one sum. He saw that must fail. After day and the other the next; my experisupper, one evening, he told his wife ence with children warrants me in conall about it. It would be a terrible bu- cluding this better than a complete and miliation to fail, as Tinkham had; and finished plaything. They value somepoor Marian wept as though her heart thing upon which they can exercise the imagination.

Respecting the early postal facculties in Texas a writer in the Galveston News says: "The intelligence of the death of President Jackson was brought to Galveston by the master of an Italian brig, whose craft had stopafter the President's death."

What Millionaires Eat.

Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is the wealthiest and one of the oldest of the a good dinner as well as any man when eanvass-back duck and sauterne, and tarrapin and good old sherry, and he wanted it served up hot, with a royal old crowd of boys around him. Then several other Senators named their tavorite dishes. Senator Brown looked ter trickled out of his mouth. Finally, he broke in:

"Well gentlemen, you may talk of woman puddle duck and sweet pota-

sleeve and fairly worked his jaw at the thought of it.

The Painter's Ruse.

There lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the 'Crazy Artist.' That there was method in his madness the followng anecdote-shows:

he aristocratic Countess de Armos, painting, saying it did not look any- got pa out, and I don't suppose there thing like herself, and that her most is a madder man in this town than pa, ntimate friends would not recognize but there was nobody to blame but hima single feature of her on that piece of | self. Say, do you see how I can be blam-

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disurbance in the Rue de Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whisper-

ed from ear to ear.

'Is the Countess de Arnos really in goal for her debts?" Wiertz had exercised a little venceance towards his noble but unfair

As soon as she had refused the portrait he set to work, and painted a few vords: 'In goal for debt.'

Brussels, and the effect was itstantan-A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's pouring invectives on him at high presure-'to have exhibi-

ted her likeness under such scandal-'Most noble lady,' was the artist's ok anything like yourself, and that our most intimate friends would not have recognizeed a single one of your

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double | will have different colored kittens. rice, and gave the amount to the poor

Fortune befriends the bold. Order is heaven's first law. Youth should be a savings bank. Silence never yet betrayed any one.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue. A quiet conscience makes one so serene. Fools rush in where angels fear to

Conscience is man's most faithful

The worst men often give the best ad-Where boasting ends there dignity be-

Let not the sun go down upon your A good conscience is a continual Christ-

The worst of slaves is he whom passion A man may smile, and smile, and be a

After the alarmed bystanders had al- passes off under ground. most frozen their fingers in rescuing an ped at the mouth of the Mississippi inebriate who had fallen overboard and received a New Orleans paper con- from a wharf in Baltimore, he took up taining an account of the death of 'Old a collection, and with the 79 cents that Hickory.' Neither the Captain nor he got he sidled off to the nearest bar- be disposed of with as little expense any of his crew being able to read En- room. A merchant who had been a as possible. Now it is not only emglish, the paper was untouched until quiet spectator said: "This makes the ployed as a general fertilizer on many new City Hall are the largest in Athree days alter the arrival of the brig flfth time that fellow has fallen into at this port, when it was accidentally the water this month. I fancy it's his discovered and the tidings were given last resort when he wants money to get raise three to the people of Texas fourteen days a drink, as he always takes up a col- ter the oil has been expressed, the cake and the cellar under that is of like ection afterward."

The Bad Boy's Fa in a Trap.

When a man gets old and thinks he knows it all there is no use trying to United States Senators. He is also one argue with him, so I unbuckled my of the plainest men to be found any- skates and pulled them off and he put where. He may be called a "home them on. Well, he wabbled about for granny." He wears long white whis- a few minutes, like a feller that has sers and store clothes. He is fond of been drinking gin, and he held on to old-fashioned things, especially olden- things till he thought he had got to his ime dinners. The other day he sat in bearings, when he struck out for the he cloakroom on the Democratic side back end of the basement. As he came of the Senete with a number of his old | along by the furnace one leg began to senatorial friends, smoking and joking, go over towards the neighbors', and he Finally the conversation turned on grabbed hold of the corner of the furdinners and good things to eat. Sen- nace, swung around behind it, out of ator Butler, of South Carolina, knows | sight, and we heard an earthquake, and something snapped like a stel trap, it is served out to him, and in his most and pa yelled, 'by crimus,' and ma eloquent terms he told of how he liked came down stairs after some sassidge for breakfast, and she saw pa and she Canada grouse and champagne and said 'Merciful goodness,' and by that time me and my chum had got there. Well, you'd a dide to see pa. He had come down like a ton of coal, right on that steel trap, and it had sprung and caught a whole mouthful of pa's pants, on and listened, while a stream of wa- and about a pound and a half or two pounds of meat, and pa was grating his teeth to try and stand it. O, it was the most rediculous position I eyer your terrapin and champagne, and saw pa into, and he got mad and told your crowds, and all that, but you may me to unspring the trap. We turned just dish up old Joe Brown and his old him over and me and my chum tried our best to open the trap, but it was one of these traps with a strong spring, And he wiped his mouth on his coat. and we couldn't. Pa was the only one that could unspring the trap, and he couldn't go around behind himself to get at it; so I told him I would go after a doctor, but he said this was a place where a doctor was no good, and he wanted a plumber or a blacksmith. Pa wanted to go up in the parlor to sit on the sofa while I was gone after the plumber, but the trap was chained to the furnace, and we couldn't get it loose, so pa had to lay there on the cejust all you know about it. Why her After having finished a portrait of ment floor till the plumber come. The plumber laughed at pa, and said he had who pretended to be only thirty when done all kinds of plumbing before, but nearly sixty, she refused to accept the he never had a call like that. Well, he

A Puss Now in Fashion.

ed about it?

"Are Angora cats getting to be fashionable for pets?' asked a reporter of a dealer.

been quite large and strange to say I sell as many by mail as I do in the city. Only vesterday I sent one to New Orleans and last week one to Chiron bars on the picture, with these cago. They seem to be rapidly taking the place of pups. Come in and He exhibited the painting in a jewel- see the cats?' So saying, the reporter er's window in the principal street of was shown into a room where a dozen or more animals with long tails and hair sweeping the floor were playing together or sleeping on hair cushions. Some were white, some tortoise and others mouse-colored, or blue, in the

parlance of the trade. 'There are also black and chinchilla ply, 'you said the painting did not cats," said the dealer. 'These blue ones are the rarest, but the white cats seem to be the greatest favorites. features in the picture. I wanted to Some people maintain that only the test the truth of your statement; that white cats are the pure breed, but that white cats are the pure breed, but that is not so, as quite frequently white cats

> 'What is the most valuable cat you 'This large white Tom is the most expensive; he is worth \$50. The other cats are worth from \$40 to \$50. The

> kittens are worth \$20 for the males and \$15 for the female. The dealer then explained the difference between the Angora and the Per-

sian cats, which is very slight, the persians having a longer face and larger ears. The animals are very delicate and require great care in raising, colds A good smile is the sunshine of wis- being the chief enemies of the feline kind. Each cat must have a hair cushion and be washed regularly and rubbed with cocoanut oil. Birds and scraped beef are found to be the best food for them. A few cats are imported from England, but most of them are raised by a man in maine.

> In the middle of the main street of Aberdeen, Miss., are artesian wells several squares apart which supply the city with water. Every well is covered by a large pagoda, and the ground beneath is paved. The water runs from spouts into troughs, and

was regarded as a waste material, to is used for feeding all kinds of stock. depth.

HUMOROUS.

insertion and 5 cents per line for each addition

NEWS PAPERLAWS.

NEWS PAPERLAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move toother places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch makes a square. Administrators' and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cepts per line for first

| 1 wk. | 1 mo. | 3 mos. | 6 mos. | 1 year |\$ 260 | \$ 4 00 | \$ 5 00 | \$ 6 00 | \$ 8 00 |4 03 | 6 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 18 00 |7 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 30 00 | 40 00 |10 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 | 45 00 | 75 00

6 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 | 45 00 |

The latest sweet thing in cradles .-The new baby.

The net to catch a man matrimonially—the brunette.

The polecat is supposed to have been the original " little one for a

Society is very queer. The people most sought after are those who do not pay their debts.

"Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from scool.

"How can a women Tell?" is the title of a recent poem. "How can she help telling?" would be more ap-

The man that parts his hair in the middle and wears dude eye-glasses may have brain, but it's no fault of his. He inherits them.

If the anatomy of some people were constructed upon the proportion of what they say to what they do, there wouldn't be anything of them but mouth.

A quack doctor began his advertise-

ment with the solemne and truthful

declaration, "I offer my services to all who are so unfortunate as to require them " First Amateur (after a soprano tornado); "Thank goodness! That's over! Regular screech owl, isn't she?" Second amateur: "You idiot? That's

father's worth trillions!" "When I marry." said a budding school girl "I'll want a tall, fine-look ing man. "" There's where you're wrong, sis. "said her more practical mother. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man and enjoy

more of his company." "I shan't be gone long," remarked Juniper as he left the house the otherevening. "Not going anywhere in particular: only going out to take the air."" Be careful that you dont come 'Oh, yes, indeed,' was the reply; in air-tight," was the injunction of within the last month the demand has Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's

> failing had not begotten confidence. Mamma (soothingly): "Well, my dear, I wouldn't feel so badly about it, I'm sure." Daughter: "Oh, but to think of all the trouble we've had sending to that milliner in Paris, and having a fight with papa over the bill, and then to have that horrid girl come out with one twice as stylish! Oh, it's enough to make one go into a con-

One night a woman was trying hard to get her drunken husband home, and as she pulled him along the street ner words and actions were so tender that a by-stander said, "Well, all drunkards' wives haven't your disposition." "S-h-h? don't say anything, she replied in a whisper, "I've got to call him pet names to get him home; but wait till he drops in the frontpassage-be there then!

'Judge, don't be hard on an old vet... pleaded a drunken loafer, who was arraigned at the Central Station Court, Monday morning. 'Were you in the war?' 'I was, your honor.' 'What regiment?' No regiment. I sloshed around myself.' 'What army were you attached to?' 'None of 'em.' 'Were you in any battles?' 'Heaps of 'em, your honor.' 'Give me the name of any one battle.' 'Bunker Hill,' was the prompt reply. 'Bunker Hill? Why that battle was fought over a hundred years ago!' exclaimed the court. 'Of course she was, your honor-of course she was. Do you think I'd be mean enough to ask you to go light on me for having sloshed around in any of these riots of the last fifty years?'-Detroit Free

MRS. TICKLE.

Mr. Harry Erskine, who succeeded Mr. Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, as Lord Advocate of Scotland. happening to have a female client of the name of Tickle defendant in an action, commenced his speech in the following humorous strain: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the Judge replying, Tickle A few years ago cotton seed her yourself, Harry; you are as able to do it as I."

The cellars under Philadelphia's plantations, but thousands of tons of merica, their area being 41 acres. it are sold at the oil mills, where, af- The first cellar is thirteen feet deep,